

T H E

# French King's Lamentation,

For the LOSS of his Great GENERAL, the

## DUKE

O F

## LUXEMBURG.

A

## POEM.

7. Jan. 169  $\frac{4}{5}$ .

HA! what no Luck; have I my Fortune Run  
Quite out of Breath; what? *Luxemburg* too gone?  
My Guilded Lillys now begin to Fade,  
I find my burning and my Plund'ring Trade,  
Are at a stand, must I no further go,  
I now may Flutter but no longer Crow.  
A stop to my ambition now I see,  
Dull is the Sword, whetted by Tyranny.  
A while it may destroy, but still at last,  
Its blunted Edge will fail and his hopes blast,  
That useth it, when a more Active Arm  
With Justice comes to give a fierce Allarm.  
Brings Combatants, as Equal to the Field,  
Whilst Sheltered Nations Fight behind His Shield.  
I often Brav'd all Europe when but Weak,  
But now one comes who do's in Thunder Speak.  
I think a Ladys Chamber safer far,  
Than the Grim Face of such a Dangerous War,  
Whilst *Luxemburg* by Conjurat<sup>ion</sup> Drove,  
On my Designs, and few against me strove,  
My Gold was Currant then to Buy a Town,  
And that kept up my Tottering Renown.  
My Brother *Turk* was Gull'd then with my Fame,  
And *Mahomet* did me his Champion Claim,  
To Ruin *Christendom*, and Plant his Name.

But

But now I Stagger, my Great General,  
 Tript up by Death, Trips me up in his Fall.  
 So when a Mountains Top, Loosned by Rain,  
 Unnerv'd, comes Rushing down into a Plain.  
 The Shelter'd *Cedar* it finds there, it Crushes,  
 And Lays its Top among the Humble Bushes.  
 I who Did Boast, I for my Glory Fought,  
 By such a Loss, am to my Wits-End brought.  
 I Prison'd him once for a Witch 'tis True,  
 O're-rul'd by *Miss*, and by my Flatt'ring Crew,  
 But now what would I give, it were not done.  
 For in his Loss, my Kingdoms Bulwarks's gone.  
 Now after great Expence, and Loss of Blood,  
 With which I've Crimson'd *Europe* in a Flood.  
 I shall be once more Painted Spewing Towns,  
 And fear at every *Post-Horn*, Fortunes Frowns.  
 Well what must be, must be too late I find,  
 I wish in time, I had been far more kind,  
 And not my Subjects Ruin long Design'd,  
 The Protestants I Banish'd Tortur'd Rack'd,  
 The Countreys Ruin'd and the Citys Sack'd.  
 The Leagues I Broke, and Injurys I have done,  
 Like rapid torrents in my mind now run,  
 And Rattle in my Ear, I'm near undone.  
 My Wealth is Wasted, and my People Poor,  
 I have too long run upon Fortunes Score.  
 In vain I strove t'outwind those that Pursue,  
 Who fear not War, nor Start at Dangers new,  
 OI am Sick, my Ague Fit Returns,  
 By Fits it Strives, and by Fits it Burns,  
 My *Fistulo*, too brings tormenting pain,  
 And against Fate I see I strive in vain.  
 The loss of *Luxemburg*, my hopes do Blast,  
 That totters which I once thought to hold fast.  
 And tells me I must honest prove at last.  
 What I unjustly got must rendred be,  
 If any thing I'de save or good days see.

F I N I S.

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